HEAVENLY PASSENGER:

OR, THE

Pilgrims Progress,

From this WORLD, to that which is to come.

Deliver'd under the Similitude of a DREAM.

I in a Dream beheld this Theam,
then when I did awake,

With much Delight, I soon did write,
for every Readers sake.

Wherein is Discovered, the manner of his setting out, his Dangerous Journeys, and safe Arrival at the desired Country.

Newly done into Verse, By S. *M.*

Licensed and entred according to Order.

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The Heavenly Passenger: Or,

The Pilgrims Progress, from this World, to that which is to come, &c.

WHen *Phœbus* did her guilded Beams display,
Into a silent shade I took my way,
There to divert and spend an hours space,
In solid sort within a silent place;
With sweet content, for none molested me,
Then down I sat beneath a spacious Tree,
Each pleasant object did my fancy please,
Till silent slumber did my senses seize.
I Dreamed, and behold! I thought I see
A man with Tears, in sad extremity,
With careful Visage, looking too and fro,
As if he'd run, but knew not where to go,
And in his Hand behold he held a Book,
Then in the same he carefully did look;
Upon his back a burden he did bear,
Which seem'd to drive him almost to dispair.
While he was shedding many a bitter tear,
One call'd *Evangelist* did there appear,
And did demand the reason of his woe,
To whom he said he knew not where to go,
I read and find I stand condemn'd to dye,
This is my grief, I know not where to fly:
Then said *Evangelist*, why fear you Death?
Since every Mortal must resign his Breath.
Dear Sir, said he, the burthen which I have,
I fear will sink me lower then the Grave;

How ſhall I with that mighty Judge prevail,
If I with guilt am hurri'd to the Jail?
Then to be Try'd, and not my Conſcience clear,
This makes me tremble with a ſenſe of fear.
Then ſaid *Evangeliſt*, Is this thy caſe,
Why ſtand you ſtill? be thrifty, mend thy pace:
Dear ſir, ſaid he, I know not where to run,
A cloud of ſorrow doth Eclipſe my Sun;
A Parchment-Role he gave the Man with ſpeed,
Where in the ſame theſe words he then did read.
Flee from the danger of the Wrath to come,
Which will not fail, though not believ'd by ſome,
Then ſaid the *Chriſtian*, for his name was ſo,
Alas! alas! I know not where to go,
Then ſaid *Evangeliſt*, and pointing ſtrait,
O doſt thou not behold yon wicket-Gate?
That way he pointed then, he ſet his Face,
But yet the *Chriſtian* could not ſee the place;
Nor do you not behold yon ſhining light?
Said he, I do, then keep it in your ſight,
And that will lead you to the very Gate;
And there you'l find, that it will ſoon abate
The woeful anguiſh of your bitter Grief,
For there's the very Fountain of relief;
Knock at the Gate, and you'l receive I ſay,
A full direction of the perfect way.
No ſooner was it ſaid, but he begun,
With expedition willingly to run;
No doubts nor ſcruples, he begins his Race,
With reſolution to obtain the place.
I Dreamed, and behold I thought I ſee,
His Wife and Children running haſtily
To call him back, with cries and bitter tears,
But yet he ſtopt his Fingers in his Ears,

For-

Forſaking all his Children, Friends and Wife,
Saying, I now muſt ſeek Eternal Life;
Some of his feigned Friends to him did call,
But yet he would not turn his head at all:
Two of his Neighbors after him they went,
Whoſe Reſolution now was fully bent,
To over-rule him by their crafty wit,
One *Pliable*, the other *Obſtinate*;
Then they the *Chriſtian* ſoon did overtake,
Perſwading him his journey to forſake:
No, ſaid the *Chriſtian*, back I will not go,
Deſtruction will the City overthrow,
Deſtroying Fire, this will be their doom,
Which will their City utterly conſume:
Now for this cauſe my Friends from thence I fly,
Which is the place of my Nativity:
Read in my Book, you'l find it as I ſay,
Then come and go with me my Friends I pray;
Said *Obſtinate*, tuſh, talk not of your Book,
Do you ſuppoſe that we your ways can brook,
To undertake along with you to go;
Come, will you now return with us or no:

Chriſtian.] No, I have ſet my Hand here to the Plow,
And therefore am reſolv'd to pay my Vow.

Then ſaid Obſtinate, *come then Neighbor* Pliable, *let us return again and go home without him, there is a company of theſe croſs headed Coxcombs, that when they take a fancy by the end, are wiſer in their own Eyes, than ſeven Men that can render a Reaſon.*

Forbear ſaid *Pliable*, do not revile
Againſt the *Chriſtian*, but attend a while,
Unto his Words, for they have pierſt my Heart,
Believe me he doth chuſe the better part.
By me my Carnal Friends ſhall be forgot,
With him I'le travel, thus I'le take my Lot:

Nay

Nay then ſaid *Obſtinate*, if it be ſo,
Then he and you may both together go;
Unto the City i'le return again,
And both your Companies I will refrain,
My courſe of Life, I never mean to change,
Who knows where ſuch fantaſtick Fools may range.
Chri.] Come Neighbour *Plyable*, along with me,
For there is joy and true felicity;
If you will not believe me what I ſay,
Take here my Book and read the truth, I pray.
Pli.] But Neighbour *Chriſtian* do you know the way?
Ch.] Yes, one *Evangeliſt*, whoſe love was great,
Did bid me ſpeed to yonders wicket Gate,
When coming there, there will be no delay,
To give the true direction of the way.
Ply.] Now Neighbour *Chriſtian*, *Obſtinate* is gone,
Then in diſcourſe I pray you to go on,
Since here is none that can our peace annoy,
Then freely tell me what we ſhall enjoy:
Said *Chriſtian*, though I keep them in my Breaſt,
By me they cannot fully be expreſt,
But yet I am reſolved to proceed,
And in my Book I mean of them to read.
Ply.] But is your Book all Truth in verity,
Ch.] Yes, It was made by him which cannot lye.
Ply.] What you affirm, I willingly believe,
Now freely talk of what we ſhall receive.
Ch.] A Kingdom free from pains and miſery,
There's peace and reſt to all Eternity;
With ſhining Robes the Lord will us array,
And Crowns of Glory, which will ne're decay,
There is no mourning nor no weeping there,
But every one is free from grief and care;
The Lord that owns the place, will end our fears,
And give us joy and dry up all our Tears.

There will you see each glorious Cherubim,
With Saints and Angels, which will ever sing
Great Hallelujah to our Heavenly King,
In Presence of that sweet Coelestial Quire,
Each Holy Soul will have its full desire:
There's thousands gone before which we shall see,
All cloath'd with glor'ous Immortallity;
There's perfect love and peace with one accord,
All walking in the presence of the Lord.

Ply.] The thoughts of this doth ravish now my Heart,
But how shall we herein obtain a part.

Ch.] He that is Lord and Ruler of the place,
Will freely give it those that seek his Face.

Ply.] Then Neighbour *Christian*, let us mend our pace.

Chr.] I travel slow the more's my solid care,
Because this burthen on my back I bear.
Thus in my dream methoughts I see them walk,
Where instantly they both did end their talk.
Then in a foul and filthy plashy slough,
They both slipt in, but yet I knew not how,
The slough of *Dispond*, was the very place,
Where they did wallow in a woful case,
Poor *Christian* then alas! some help did lack,
By reason of the burthen of his back,
Did seem to sink him lower with the weight,
Then *Christian* was in a most dismal state,

Ply.] Alas! my Neighbour *Christian*, where are we?
Is this is the place of which you talk to me;
If I get out, you by your self shall rome,
For back I will return unto my home:
Then striving hard with all his might and main
He did get out, and home return'd again;
But *Christian* in the slough did still remain.
Now *Pliable* he went away therefore,
And *Christian* never did behold him more.

In

In this Diſtreſs the *Chriſtian* he was tri'd,
But he endeavour'd for the other ſide,
That in his Journey he might ſtill abide;
One called *Help*, did preſently appear,
And ſaid to him, my Friend how came you here?
He freely told him all at his demand,
Then *Help* immediately did lend his hand
To pull him out, and ſet him in his way,
Then *Chriſtian* travelled on without delay;
His weighty burthen made him ſigh and groan,
Yet he'l not turn away, though left alone;
But yet before he croſſed o're the Plain,
He met a Man, whoſe end was *Carnal Gain*,
He from the City of *Deſtruction* came,
One *Worldly-Wiſe-Man*, he was call'd by name,
Who ſaid, my Neighbour, whether art thou bound?
What is the cauſe that Fortune thus has frown'd,
To make you leave your Wife and Children dear?
Beſides, who would have thought to meet you here?
Chr.] My Journey is to yonder Wicke-Gate,
For this my burthen is of ſuch a weight
Upon my ſhoulders, that my bones are preſt,
But I am told, that there I ſhall have reſt.
Wor. Wiſe.] How came you by this load and careful look?
Said he, dear Sir, by reading in this Book;
Now this it is, the *Worldly wiſe-man* ſaid,
For to neglect your buſineſs and your trade,
To read thoſe things, that cannot well agree
With Mens mean parts, and low capacity;
Now may you ſee, and perfectly diſcry,
What danger is in reading things too high,
But who adviſed thee to undertake,
To go this way, and all your Friends forſake?

Chriſtian

Chr.] 'Twas one *Evangelist* who did relate
A remedy, for this my wretched ſtate,
By going unto yonders wicket-Gate.
Wor. Wife.] Beſhrow him for his News, is he thy friend,
That ſuch a journey can to thee commend,
Where many fatal Perils doth attend?
You met with one already I ſuppoſe,
I ſee the ſlough of *Diſpond* on your Cloaths,
Yet take my word, you'l meet with many more
Such fatal dangers, that will grieve you ſore;
You'l meet with Monſtrous Gyants by the way,
And roaring Lyons hunting for their prey;
And in the Valley of Humility,
A thouſand oppoſitions you will ſee:
Take my advice, my Counſel ne'r deſpiſe,
Return, go back I ſay, if you are wiſe.
Chr.] There is no place of reſt for my abode,
So long as on my back I bear this load,
None of thoſe feats ſhall make me turn aſide,
My way I'le keep, whatever me betide;
Worl. wiſe.] Then take your chance, no more to you I'le ſay,
And thus he left the *Chriſtian* in his way.
He being gone, the *Chriſtian* mends his pace,
'Till he arriv'd to the appointed place;
Over the Gate this writing then he ſee,
Now knock, and it ſhall open be to thee,
Then he did knock, and after that again,
'Till free admittance in he did obtain:
One let him in, whoſe name was free *Good will*,
And after that he then diſcourſed ſtill
With *Chriſtian*, who declar'd to him the ſum
Of all his fears, concerning wrath to come.
Chr.] Deſtructions in the City, I foreſee,
Which was the place of my Nativity,

Good-will.] But how cam'ſt thee to travel all alone,
Didſt thou not ſpeak of this and make it known?

Chr.] Yes Sir, I told my Wife and Children too,
And all my Friends what danger would enſue,
Yet ſtill they cry'd, perſwading me to ſtay,
But yet I ſtopt my Ears and came my way,
I was reſolv'd to come, though all alone,
To the Celeſtial City, Mount Sion;

Good-will.] Then welcome friend, for you I have reſpect,
Take my advice, keep in this Path direct.
Said *Chriſtian*, Sir, will you that love extend.
To eaſe my burthen, which doth make me bend

Good-will] Bear it with Patience, then you will be bleſt,
And be releaſt from it with perfect reſt:
You ſoon will come up to another Gate,
Where one doth live that will interpretate
The ſenſe of what you do not underſtand,
And will direct you to the bleſſed Land.
Then in my Dream my thought I ſaw indeed,
The Man *Good-will*, bid *Chriſtian* now God-ſpeed,
Then *Chriſtian* girding up his Loyns, he went
And knocked at the Gate, where he was ſent,
An ancient Man came mildly to the Gate,
To whom the *Chriſtian* did in briefe relate
The truth of all, and let him underſtand,
He was a *Pilgrim* to the bleſſed Land;
He bid him then come in and reſt awhile,
And with a pleaſant Countenance did ſmile,
And then he ſhow'd him many Glorious things,
And ſaid, from hence all mutual comfort ſprings,
To chear the Souls of thoſe that will engage,
To perſevere in this their Pilgrimage,
Then did the *Chriſtian* unto him reply,
Is there no fear of fainting? may not I,

By

By reason of this burthen which I bear,
Sink in the very Gulph of deep Diſpair.
Interpreter. No, never faint nor fear, but run thy race,
Thou wilt have comfort in a little ſpace;
Then keep the Path and turn to ne'r a ſide,
Be watchful too, for fear your Feet ſhould ſlide;
For e'ry fall will fill thy Soul with grief,
But perſevere and thou wilt find relief.
Fare well, dear Sir, the *Chriſtian* ſaid with joy,
The hope of Bliſs doth all my grief deſtroy:
The Path he run was fenced with a Wall,
And *Man's Salvation* they the ſame did call,
And near that place a Croſs the *Chriſtian* ſee,
Which gave him eaſe and true felicity.
The Cords that bound his Burthen here did crack,
And then it looſed from the *Chriſtian's* back.
The *Chriſtian* then with joyful voice reply'd,
Here is the place whereon my Saviour dy'd,
And freely did ſurrender up his breath,
That he might ranſom our vile Souls from Death.
While tears did trickle down the *Chriſtians* Face,
Three ſhining ones appeared in the place:
The one of them ſaid, Peace be unto thee,
Thy Sins are pardon'd, and thou ſhalt be free,
Then ſtript him of his Raggs, and gave no leſs
To him then the fair Robes of Righteouſneſs,
They likewiſe gave to him a Parchment Role,
Where reading in the ſame he might condole,
And gather comfort in this preſent ſtate,
And give it in at the Celeſtial Gate:
The *Chriſtian* then proceeded on again,
He loſt that load, of which he did complain,
That grievous burthen was the ſenſe of Sin,
None can expreſs the joy that he was in.

Then did the *Christian* strive to mend his pace,
And as he run, he turn'd aside his Face,
Where he beheld three Men in Fetters bound,
Near to the Path, all sleeping on the ground;
The *Christian* did for them in sorrow weep,
Said he, I'le strive to wake them from their sleep.
One's Name was *Simple*, and the other *Sloath*,
The third *Presumption*, sleeping with them both:
The *Christian* said to them, awake and rise,
Behold the tears that trickle from mine Eyes!
Arise, I'le help you off with all your Chains,
And it will be for your Eternal gains;
For, should the roaring Lyon come this way,
Then to his Teeth you would become a prey.
First *Simple* rouz'd, yet would not lend an ear,
Saying, here is no danger, I'le not fear,
Said *Sloathful* then, yet still a little sleep,
Go on your way, for us you need not weep;
Yea, then *Presumption* pusht away his hand,
And said, each Tub must on his bottom stand.
Then *Christian* left them, and away he went,
Yet griev'd to see, that they could be content
To sleep secure, without a sence of fear
Of future Dangers that approached near,
And though my very Heart for them doth bleed,
Yet I must to my Journey now with speed,
The *Christian* constantly continued still,
And travell'd up a vast and mighty Hill;
This Hill was called *Difficult* by name,
And *Christian* now must needs go up the same,
This Path could not be trod with sloathful ease,
But *Christian* labour'd on his Hands and Knees;
With resolution *Christian* did apply,
His full and firm endeavours constantly,

Until

Until he arrived to the top of all
That mighty Hill, yet many drops did fall
Of soft distilled tears, down from his Eyes,
As Messengers of Joys, not mournful Cryes.
Thus in my Dream, as I beheld him still,
Two Men did meet him running down the Hill,
To whom the *Christian* lovingly did say,
Dear Friends, why run you the contrary way?
Kind Sir, said they, we needs must tell you true,
We have been Pilgrims both as well as you;
And also travell'd up the steepy Hill;
But after that we found more danger still,
We saw two Lyons lying in the way,
To whom we fear'd we might become a prey,
Such dread and fear did seize us in that place,
That we resolv'd with speed to turn the chase.
Chr.] This dismal tydings makes me half afraid,
But yet I trust my God will be my aid;
The race is set before me, still I'le run,
For should I now go back I am undone.
Why should I faint or fear this blast of breath,
I'le venture on betide me Life or Death?
Then *Christian* girding up his Loins, began
With Resolution willingly to run,
That glorious City he doth hope to venter,
And there he left those two that would not enter;
His nimble feet did make no stop nor stay,
Till he arriv'd where these two Lyons lay,
He trembled then, to venture he was loath,
For why the path did lye betwixt them both,
He knew not where to go, nor what to say,
He must pass through, there was no other way,
Beyond these Lyons just before his face,
There was a stately House, a sumptuous place,

One *Watchful* was the Porter of the Gate,
Who said, come on and guide your feet, step straight,
For though they roar, they're chain'd, they cannot tur,
Then *Christian* he with joy, said, thank you Sir;
Now by this time the night approached near,
Said *Christian*, Sir, may I have lodging here?
The *Porter* then of *Christian* crav'd his name,
He told it him, and likewise whence he came;
The *Porter* said it was the gracious will
Of him who was the Lord of this great Hill,
To build this place, to mitigate the grief
Of weary Pilgrims, yeilding them relief;
Then stand you still and I will ring my Bell
And call *Discretion*, if she likes you well,
You will obtain your own desired ends,
Here to repose and rest your wearied Limbs:
The *Porter* rang his Bell, then straight came there
Discretion, who was beautiful and fair,
To whom the *Porter* said, this mans request
Is, that he may this night find place of rest;
She asked *Christian*, what might be his name,
He freely told her, and from whence he came;
Much talk they had, which did her then surprize,
And tears did flow from fair *Discretions* Eyes,
After a little pause, she call'd out more,
Who met him at the threshold of the Door:
Prudence and *Charity* with one accord,
Did say, come in thou blessed of the Lord,
Prudence and *Piety* till Supper-time,
Did talk with him about those things Divine;
The supper being drest, the table spread,
They all set down where they with comfort fed,
Then at the table there they talk their fill,
Concerning of the Lord that own'd the hill,

Who

Who built this house, yea, for the very sake,
Of those that do this Journey undertake;
Then after many things they had expresst,
They show'd poor *Christian* then his place of rest,
It was a fair and spacious upper room,
Of choice delights with Myrrh and sweet perfume,
His window then did open towards the East,
Where he in comfort all the night encreast,
Then in the morning when the houshold rose,
They to the *Christian* freely did disclose,
The many worthy things upon record,
Done by the ancient Servants of the Lord,
Then after this unto the top they went
Of all the house, to show him more content;
His Eye was pleas'd, his heart with joy was fill'd,
When looking toward the South he there beheld,
A fruitful Land, with Wood, most lovely trees,
With Vines and Olives, such like things as those,
With many pleasant flowing Fountains too,
All most delightful to the *Christians* view;
The *Christian* he desires now with speed
That he might go, to which they all agreed,
In mighty Armour him they did array,
Lest he should be assaulted by the way,
As *Christian* then was passing through the gate,
He said to *Watchful*, now my joys are great,
The *Porter* then to *Christian* did reply,
A man whose name was *Faithful* passed by,
At this the *Christians* joy did more excell,
He is my Neighbour, and I know him well,
How far is he before, pray can you tell?

Porter.] He's hardly at the bottom of the hill:

Chr.] Farewell good Sir, I thank you heartily,
For all your love and kind civility,

Likewise

Likewise the Damsels still will be his guide,
Lest going down the hill his Feet should slide,
They knew full well that many dangers be,
In going down to true *Humility*,
Then *Piety* she gave him Bread and Wine
To nourish him, this was their good design,
And bidding him go that he did not fall,
So *Christian* he was thankful to them all.
Now in the Valley of *Humiliy*
Poor *Christian* travell'd, and at length he see,
A foul and filthy Fiend approaching near,
Which made the *Christian* tremble then for fear,
But *Christian* taking courage by his side,
Resolved to go on what e're betide;
The Monsters back was then like Fishes Scales,
Wings like a Dragon, and he loudly yeals,
Mouth'd like a Lyon with his furious ire,
Out of his throat came smoak and burning fire;
His Feet was also like the savage Bear,
His Eyes like fire sparkl'd in the air;
He then beholding *Christian* with disdain,
Demanded of him likewise whence he came.

Chr.] I from the City of *Destruction* fly,
The ancient place of my Nativity.

Then said *Apollyon*, (for his name was so)
Thats my Dominion, you your self doth know,
How dare you then to act so strange a thing,
To leave my service and desert your King?

Chri.] Your Service is severe, and what you give,
Upon it none is able for to live,
Therefore I will not spend my strength and breath
In sin, whose Wages is Eternal Death.

Sometimes *Apollyon* threatning *Christian* sore,
But *Christian* standing on his Guard the more

Apol.

Apollyon then he ſpread his dreadful Wings,
And Darts of Fire at the *Chriſtian* flings;
But *Chriſtian* taking then his Shield in hand,
He turn'd his Dart and manfully did ſtand,
Then *Chriſtian* drew his Sword for to defend
Himſelf againſt that Fiend which did contend;
Apollyon ſtriving ſtill for to prevail,
Cauſing his Darts to fly as thick as Hail.
This cruel Combat laſted half a day,
Poor *Chriſtian* had almoſt become his prey,
He grew ſo faint and feeble with each wound,
That fierce *Apollyon* threw him to the ground,
The ſword out of poor *Chriſtian*'s Hands did fly;
Apollyon ſaid, proud ſlave thou now ſhalt dye,
He then with fierce and flaming Eyes did ſtare,
Poor *Chriſtian* then was almoſt in diſpair;
But now the Lord his gracious love did ſhow,
When this fierce fiend was fetching his laſt blow,
In hopes thereby the *Chriſtian* to have ſlain,
But *Chriſtian* got his Sword in hand again,
Saying, rejoyce not, for it is in vain,
For though I fall, yet ſhall I riſe again.
Now *Chriſtian* by his Courage gained ground,
And gave the cruel Fiend the fatal Wound,
Which *Chriſtian* ſeeing fought with Heart and Limb,
And ſaid, more then a Conquerer through him,
Who loved me, and did afford me ſtrength,
To overcome my Enemy at length,
Apollyon ſpreading of his Wings did rore,
And took to flight, he never ſaw him more;
During the time of this moſt dreadful fray,
My thoughts my Heart did ake, and what to ſay
I knew not well, *Apollyon* lou'd did yeal,
And like a Dragon ſmiting with his tayl

Poor *Christian* all the while did sigh and groan,
Which almost would have broke a Heart of stone,
Till at the last his two-edge sword he found,
Had won the day, and then his joys was crown'd:
The like encounter sure I ne'r beheld,
But after this he was with comfort fill'd,
And said, I will kneel down to give the praise
To him, who is the Guide of all my ways,
Whose strength and force will evermore engage,
Against my Foes in this my Pilgrimage.
Then after that he sate him down at length,
To eat and drink then to encrease his strength.
Then strength and courage came, so on he went,
His Sword drawn in his hand, still to prevent
Those fearful Fiends, which might him still assail,
He being ready they might ne'r prevail,
But he immediately approached near
A dismal place, where light did disappear,
It was the shadow and the Vale of Death:
Then *Christian* fear'd, for ev'ry moving breath,
Brought dreadful groans and shrieks to *Christians* Ears,
Though he went on it was with doubts and fears:
Strange Apparitions, most infernal Fiends
Did there surround him, thus his grief begins,
Dark dismal Clouds did overspread that place,
With Dragons, Serpents, in this frightful case,
He forced was to put his Sword up then,
For smoak and flame from the infernal Den,
For *Christians* sword, it seemed not to care;
Then did he take the Weapon call'd all-Prayer,
O Lord, said he, deliver thou my Soul,
For in thy mercies I will still condole:
Dark was the place, no Creature could be meet,
He knew not how or where to set his feet,

Yet he went on, and heard a Voice at length,
Saying, great God, I travel in thy strength,
This caused *Christian* mainly to rejoyce,
When he had heard that comfortable voice,
This was the reason he rejoyc'd the more,
He knew some Holy Man was gone before,
He travell'd on, though in a woful plight,
Until the Day did break, that blessed light;
He looking back, discovered to his view,
The many dangers which he had gone through,
Then he went on, though there was many snares,
The Sun did shine, and therefore now his cares,
Did keep him safe from every danger still,
So that he soon arrived to a Hill,
And then his joys increased more and more,
He saw his Brother *Faithful* just before,
And earnestly desired him to stay,
Though he look'd back, he still kept on his way,
I am upon my Life, for why I find
The Messenger of Death pursues behind,
Then *Christian* ran with all his might and main,
Where ground of him he instantly did gain,
Dear Brother *Faithful*, I am glad said he,
That I have overtook you now to be,
A fellow-Pilgrim in thy company,
Then both rejoycing, they together walk,
And frequently of many things did talk,
Of all their troubles they had undergone,
And now with chearful Hearts they travel on,
While their kind Friend *Evangelist* did meet,
Those two poor Pilgrims, whom he thus did greet,
Peace be to you, behold I am a Friend,
To all that will be faithful to the end.
They thanks return for all his former love,
And for those gracious favours from above;

Evangelist he told them one thing more,
They would come to a town not far before,
Where they would meet with many cruel foes,
Like *Tygers* wild, poor Pilgrims they oppose.
They thanked him for all his tender care,
And soon they did arrive unto that Fair,
Where all their tempting toys, men did set forth,
But they accounted them as little worth:
Now those that kept the Fair when they did find,
That these poor Pilgrims was not of their mind,
To be delighted with those empty toys,
But aiming still at more Celestial Joys,
They rose in wrath, and did revile them there,
Nay, hardly one in ten that kept the Fair,
But in their Malice did their Verdict give,
They came as Spies and were not fit to live:
Now those poor Pilgrims standing in the throng,
My thoughts the conflict had not lasted long,
Before poor *Faithful's* Life they did betray,
Thus to his joys he found the nearer way,
And bid his Fellow-traveller adieu,
Who had still many troubles to go through
Then in my *Dream* I thought poor *Christian* said,
To those Celestial joys thou art convey'd,
Thy Foes of this they could not thee deprive,
For though they kill'd thee, thou art still alive,
My faithful Friend, I come, I come to thee,
Then straight my thoughts he was at liberty,
And on his journey he went chearfully,
Then *Hopeful* came to bear him company,
Who said, dear Friend, my lot with thee i'le take,
In Life or Death I never will forsake
Thy sweet Society, for I am bound,
To the Celestial City so Renown'd,

With

With Saints and Angels who in glory ſings,
Sweet Hallelujahs to the King of Kings.
Thrice welcome, ſaid the *Chriſtian*, I profeſs,
We may ſupport each other in diſtreſs,
They both united were to their content,
Then chearfully they on their Journey went,
Their path was rugged all along the way,
Their feet with travel tender, therefore they
Eſpy'd a path which did their fancy pleaſe,
In which they went with more delight and eaſe,
But yet they found before the cloſe of day,
By ſad experience, they had loſt their way,
Then were they both in a moſt woeful plight,
The waters riſe, and doleſome was the night;
They labour'd to go back, but all in vain;
They forced was till morning to remain:
Now near this place there was a Caſtle ſtrong,
To which a ſturdy Gyant did belong,
'Twas *Doubting* Caſtle which was fixed there,
The Gyants name was called *deep Diſpair*:
This Gyant ſeiz'd upon thoſe Pilgrims then,
He led them Captive to his diſmal den,
Then under Locks and Bolts they were confin'd,
Three nights and days with a perplexed mind,
Then came the Gyant who to them did ſay,
I will enſlave you, make your ſelves away,
For why, there's none alive can ſet you free,
From my confined ſharp ſeverity:
Then did he lock them up, and left them there,
But they continued ſtill in fervent prayer,
For ſtrength to quit themſelves like valiant men,
Tho they were in a dark and diſmal den,
Said *Hopeful*, why ſhould we obey his will,
We are commanded that we ſhall not kill:

Left

Let us not grieve nor be in too much doubt,
For ought we know at length we may get out.
Then *Christian* said, here's comfort in our Lot,
My Brother *Hopeful*, what have I forgot?
Sure in my bosome, here I have a Key,
The which will set us soon at Liberty,
The Key of promise which will never fail,
To set those free, who striveth to prevail,
Then with his Key no sooner had he try'd,
But all the Locks were loose, Gates open wide,
Then did they run with all their might and main,
And got into the Kings High-way again,
At which those Pilgrims heartily rejoyce,
With thankful Hearts and with a lively voice;
Then girding up their Loyns, they went with speed,
Resolving now they would take better heed,
For well they found what grief did them surround.
Because they trod upon forbidden ground,
Then in my Dream my thoughts they did repair
Unto the Mountains beautiful and fair,
Where faithful Shepherds with their snowy locks,
In pleasant pastures fed their tender Flocks,
There these two Pilgrims on their staves did lean,
To talk awhile, and view the Mountains green,
Then turning to the Shepherds, their request
Was, that they would inform them in the rest
Of their intended Journey, who reply'd,
With all our Hearts, we'l be your careful Guide,
Over these Mountains here, the path lies straight,
That leads to the Celestial City-Gate;
Then to their travel they did both proceed,
And all the Shepherds bidding them God speed.
They had not travell'd far before their chance
Was, to espy a Man nam'd *Ignorance*,

In

In whom a grain of Sense could not be found,
Yet he was likewise to the City bound:
As he with them did walk along the way,
Have you a true Certificate, said they?
No, I have none, and yet I make no doubt,
If you go in, that I shall be left out:
Then to instruct him, they did both begin,
And said, we fear you will not enter in:
But *Ignorance* in froward terms reply'd,
Can I not walk in quiet by your side,
If that I can't I leave your company;
What need you take this thought or care for me?
Now when they found his froppish peevish mind,
They walkt before, he came aloof behind;
Now by this time those Travellers drew near,
The pleasant Vineyards, fountains flowing clear,
They eat and drank and from their toyl was wean'd,
For they were almost at their journeys end:
But now their sorrow did begin anew,
They had one tryal more still to go through,
For coming to a spacious River side,
Whose Waters was not only deep but wide,
They must wade through, not linger nor delay,
For why they found there was no other way,
Then *Hope* and *Christian* both with one consent,
Into the Deluge of the waters went,
Poor *Christian* sinking, said, My Brother dear,
I never shall go through this Flood I fear,
But perish here, this is my woeful dread,
See how the Billows passes o're my Head:
O! then said *Hopeful*, Brother don't distrust,
For I'le assure you we are past the worst,
Upon good ground I find my Foot doth stand,
Whereby I know we are not far from Land:

[illegible]
[illegible] two [illegible] [illegible] at last,
[illegible] [illegible] them in a most glorious state,
And did conduct them to the City Gate,
Then their Certificate they did give in,
Which did their Everlasting joys begin:
Now in my Dream methoughts I did behold,
The City shine like most refined Gold,
Alas! the Glory was beyond compare,
A thousand times I wisht I had been there;
Then by this time poor *Ignorance* arriv'd
Unto the River, where he [illegible] contriv'd
To call *Vain Hope*, the which he soon imploy'd,
To lend him safe upon the other side,
So all alone up to the Gate he came,
But he was suddenly sent back with shame,
Bound Hand and Foot, this was his Destiny,
Convey'd to Everlasting Misery;
But though it made my very Heart to ake,
'Twas but a DREAM, and so I did Awake,

Now Reader you have had a view,
Of what in DREAMS *I see,*
But let it not remain with you,
A hidden Mystery;
But draw the Curtain quite aside,
And look within the Vail,
Let Reason be your Rule and Guide,
Let Wisdom never fail,
Then will you freely run the Race,
And never faint nor fail,
But gain that sweet Celestial place,
Which makes amends for all.

FINIS.

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